

in the pleasures and enjoyments of
 a genial
 nearth at last, in company with the
 long lost
 dear ones.

"What! not Calcutta?" I
 seemed to
 drop from the clouds! ! ! But why
 the deuce,
 did they send me to Madras, instead
 of to Cal-
 :utta, if they meant well and indeed
 wanted to
 give me my release? However, "the
 drown-
 ing man catches at a straw" as the
 proverb
 goes and I consoled myself with the
 belief, that
 [i]ere was yet some time left, before
 the pas-
 senger boat should leave for
 Calcutta; and in
 order to save me that time and
 trouble, they
 might have sent me "en rout"
 Madras, from
 where I was to go to Calcutta by
 train.

As I was troubling myself with
 these far-
 Fetched make-beliefs, the very
 European that
 we had once met before on the
 upper-deck of
 our steamer, came to take me with
 him, as the
 tittle jolly-boat that was to carry us
 ashore, was
 already waiting for us, at the
 vessel's side.
 There seemed no other alternative
 left, but to

follow this European, at least to
know my fate
for certain, if not for anything else.

There was another old man also,
that came
from the Andaman lunatic asylum, by
the same